

## English Homework Is A Euphemism by Heartithateyou

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**Summary:**

Billy stops by to help Steve with his "homework".

What follows is anything but academic.

## English Homework Is A Euphemism

### Author's Note:

This is part of a series, so it might make sense to read the other parts first!

He hears the doorbell ring and then his mom answer the door.

“Hello?” She asks, only slurring mildly despite having her umpteenth glass of wine.

“Hi. I’m here for Steve. I’m his study buddy.” He hears a smooth voice say. He immediately shoots off the bed and all but runs down the hallway.

“Oh, I didn’t know he was expecting-“ His mom starts, clearly being charmed by Billy and his barely buttoned shirt.

“Mom! I’m right here, Billy’s my... English partner.” He stutters as he comes down the stairs. He nearly trips over himself and feels himself blushing fifty shades of red.

Of course Billy is standing there looking as cool and calm as ever, with half a smirk on his face.

“Oh! How fun.” She says, smiling up at him. She gives another smile to Billy before turning around and walking back down the hall, to whatever she was finding to entertain herself while his dad was away.

“Hi. Hey. You didn’t say you were stopping by...” He rambles as he finally meets Billy at the door.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Billy asks with a leering smile.

He pauses, unsure how to say he was happy to see him but there were a million reasons why him showing up unannounced could be a bad idea. What if his dad was home? What if his mom had been more persistent? What if...

“But I’m seeing this isn’t the funnest surprise for you? Don’t tell me, not the best home life?” Billy asks, his smirk fading into something genuine.

“Could be worse.” He mutters, checking behind him that his mom hasn’t reappeared, “But next time you might want to call.”

“I can leave-“ Billy says as he goes to grab his car keys.

“I said next time.” He says as he grabs Billy’s arm. He pulls him into the house, greedy to get him away from prying eyes.

“Okay. Now why don’t we go to your room so I can take a look at that English homework.” Billy says with a cocked eyebrow.

He had to roll his eyes when he acted like a character out of some cheesy romance novel his mom would read.

“Whatever you say study buddy.” He says as he grabs the other boy’s hand. He leads them up the stairs and tries not to blush as he notices how nice Billy’s hand feels in his.

“Nice room Harrington.” Billy says as he takes a look around his room. He looks over the framed photos on his dresser and the magazines beside them. It feels weirdly personal having Billy here, in his room, looking at his things.

“Thanks Hargrove. Here’s something for you to take a look at.” He says as he shoves his English paper at him, hoping to distract him from examining his things.

“You know that was supposed to be a euphemism right? I really didn’t want to spend my night looking at your actual homework.” Billy says as he begins to run his eyes over the paper. It gives him a second to admire Billy, from his overly styled hair to his worn jacket that looks practically soft to the touch.

He tries to ignore the twisty feeling he has in his stomach when he looks at Billy and what the intentions of that might mean. He knew they were boyfriends and dating and all that, but he had a constant fear that his feelings ran deeper than Billy’s.

It's not like he could just come out and ask Billy, he sucked at talking about his feelings at the best of times and he was worried what would happen if he pushed him.

But he knew his own feelings and he knew that he was pretty much a goner for Billy. Who thought the kid that once beat the crap out of him would be the one to steal his heart?

"Hey, you were the one who offered." He says with a laugh as he sits on his bed. It's something that he would never say out loud, but he loved how Billy looked when he focused on something, his brow furrowed and his eyes focused. It was hot in a way he couldn't describe.

"This is good, honest. Except you actually need to quote the literature you're referencing." Billy mutters as he turns the page.

"Oh yeah, because everyone just goes around quoting literature." He says with an eye roll.

Billy looks at him with a devious look in his eyes before he leans down close to him. He swears he can feel his breath on his face.

"Whatever our souls are made out of, his and mine are the same...If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger. That one's *Wuthering Heights*. Tragic really, two lovers, never to be together." Billy whispers against his lips.

"How do you make classic literature sound so good?" His whispers back, feeling the tension in the room. He leans in closer to Billy until he can feel his breath on his face.

"What can I say, I have many talents you don't know about." Billy says softly, kissing him softly on the lips.

"Do all of them involve your mouth?" He asks, feeling himself blush. He usually wasn't so bold, but being with Billy made him brave.

"Love is a sacrament that should be taken kneeling." Billy says as he moves down and begins kissing his neck and biting it softly.

“Are you saying...” He trails off, his heart racing at what he hopes Billy is about to say.

Is he about to say he loves him? He felt his heart start to race at the implication and practically crossed his fingers wishing it would come true.

“That I want to take you kneeling?” Billy asks, giving him a finally bite on his neck before gracefully dropping to his knees.

No, I meant something so much more. But he couldn’t say not to Billy, not like that. And it was a little distracting having Billy on his knees, right in front of him.

And suddenly all he can focus on is the way Billy is pulling his zipper down, making eye contact the entire time he does.

He lets out a soft gasp as he feels Billy reach into his boxers, pulling out his hard cock.

He can’t hold back the moan that escapes his lips as Billy starts licking the head of his cock, sucking on it slightly. He tries to remind himself to be quiet, that his mom is somewhere downstairs, but it’s a little difficult when Billy is going those wicked things with his tongue.

Billy looks up and looks eyes with him, before swallowing his cock whole, dragging a strangled moan from him. Watching Billy take him all the way is honestly the hottest thing he’s ever seen, watching his lips stretch obscenely around his cock, gagging slightly when he takes him all the way to the base.

“Fuck, Billy, fuck you look so hot like that, the way you just take it all.” He whispers, unable to stop himself. He’s normally not this chatty during sex, but Billy seems to completely melt the filter between his brain and his mouth and he can’t seem to stop.

And from the way Billy looks up at him, he doesn’t think that the other boy minds.

Billy picks up the pace slightly and Steve can’t help but weave his fingers through Billy’s blonde locks.

He feels himself getting dangerously close to the edge, embarrassingly fast, but between the way that Billy can take him and the fact that it's Billy fucking Hargrove, he really can't help himself.

"Fuck Billy, I'm getting so close, just like that, yeah, oh fuck, yes, Billy, Billy, I'm-" He's cut off by the groan that he can't stop as he spills into Billy's mouth. Billy swallows around him, eliciting another moan from him.

Sometimes he feels like Billy is a walking wet dream and he still has to wonder how he managed to land the other man.

Billy pulls back and tucks him back into his pants, before rising from the floor and sitting down next to him on the bed.

"Damn, Hargrove, has anyone ever told you you're really good at that?" He asks with a throaty moan, still trying to get his brain back online.

"Well-" Billy starts with a devious smile, before Steve immediately leans in and cuts him off with a kiss, tasting himself on the other boy's tongue.

"Never mind, never mind, I don't want to know. You're going to make me jealous of some California boy and I really don't want to have to drive across the country to beat some guy up." He says with a laugh as he pulls back from the kiss, his hand still on the other boy's face.

"Didn't know you were the jealous type." Billy says with a laugh, smiling at him.

And it's the damn smile that ruins him.

"Only when I love someone." He blurts out before he can stop himself. He's not sure if it's a side effect of the orgasm, or Billy's damn smile that makes him feel so warm and soft inside, but he instantly wishes he could take the words back.

He feels his blood run cold as Billy just sits there and stares at him, his expression unreadable.

"I.... I didn't mean to blurt that out like that..." He stutters, wishing more than anything he could rewind time.

"Well fuck Steve, why did you say that then?" Billy asks, standing up and rubbing his face in his hands.

"I'm sorry, it just kind of slipped out." He says desperately, wondering what he can say to make this right.

"Why would go and ruin this? Ruin what we have?" Billy stutters out, his voice cracking.

"I'm sorry, I know you hate talking about feelings and stuff, and yeah, this is probably way too fast, but I can't help how I feel Billy-" He rambles back, feeling himself grow upset.

"You can't go and say you love me when we both know this has an expiration date! Fuck, that's not fair!" Billy finally snaps at growls at him.

"What did you mean?" He asks, feeling breathless and shocked. He has no idea what Billy is talking about and isn't sure he wants to know.

"What kind of future do you think we have? Tell me? Because as I see it, we're a ticking time bomb. Eventually someone is going to find out, my dad, your dad, the whole fucking town? What do you see happening then Steve? You can barely tell me you're gay and I'm supposed to believe you'll stick around when it gets real and hard and scary as fuck? Fuck you Steve for acting like this could be a forever. And fuck you for saying you love me." Billy says, tears forming in his eyes.

And finally Steve feels that two hearts are breaking in this room, not just one.

"Well fuck you for not giving me a chance! I fucking love you, and that matters more than my dad or the town ever could. But you, you matter. You fucking matter Billy. You're all that matters. And I don't want numbered days with you or some countdown. I want a forever, fuck the consequences. Fuck everyone. I want you. I love you." He

says, standing up and getting too close to Billy, staring his straight in the eye.

“I just... I don’t know what you want from me.” Billy finally says helplessly.

“Tell me.” He whispers, trying to keep his voice steady.

“Tell you what? What do you want me to fucking say?” Billy says, trying to blink away the tears. He can see the expression on Billy’s face, he looks like he wants to cry and fight someone at the same time.

“That you love me.” He whispers, hearing his voice break. This was like that time with Nancy, except a million times worse. He didn’t know he could feel like this, so hurt and broken. It physically hurt him, like a million knives piercing his heart while a Demogorgon tore it to bits.

“Fucking hell Steve.” Billy says, rubbing his face in his hands.

“I can’t do this. Not again. Not with you.” He whispers, trying to hold back the tears. He turns to leave and feels Billy’s hand gripping him tightly.

“Don’t. Don’t go. Steve... This isn’t easy for me. My whole life, I’ve never been good at talking about my feelings. Or talking about anything that matters really. I’ve learned its usually better not to, to just keep it in. It’s easier not to get hurt that way. And... I haven’t told anyone I’ve loved them in a long time. Not since my mom died. But yeah.... I do.” Billy says, his voice barely above a whisper.

“You do what?” He asks, his voice barely above a whisper.

“I love you.” Billy says, finally looking him in the eyes. Billy looks open and vulnerable and beautiful.

He leans in and kisses him softly and gently, weaving his fingers into Billy’s hair. He tries to say all the things he can’t find words for, I love you, thank you, I won’t hurt you, I promise.

“I love you too. And I can handle the real and scary. I’ve fought



monsters before, I'm plenty tough enough." He says with a smile, wishing he could wipe the worry off Billy's face.

"Oh yeah, you're really tough." Billy says with a snort, finally cracking a smile.

"I am! You're in love with a real badass." He says with a giggle.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever you say Harrington." Billy says with an eye roll.

"But you do love me." He repeats once more, still amazed to have heard Billy say the words.

"Yeah, but my stepsister is more of a badass than you are. I mean, I've seen you rock out to Madonna in your car Harrington, how did I fall in love with such a dork?" Billy asks, laughing as he takes in Steve's embarrassed expression.

"That was one time- and how did you- first of all it was not my cassette!-"

### **Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading!

Feel free to leave notes!!